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Thirtieth
Anniversary, 1931-
1961



THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY • 1931-1961

special commemorative bulletin

JOSLYN
ART OMAHA, NEBRASKA
MUSEUM

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NOTE:

This special bulletin is a forerunner of a regular series that will be initiated later this winter. Long overdue, its issues will review the permanent collections, discuss special exhibitions and call attention to other events over and above the regular monthly calendar.



JOSLYN ART MUSEUM

Omaha, Nebraska

This bulletin commemorates the Thirtieth Anniversary of Joslyn Art Museum. Opening November 26, 1961, are several notable exhibitions which reflect the museum's diversified program - a distinguished contemporary collection from the Museum of Modern Art in New York, also the first comprehensive showing of a pioneer artist of our early frontier, and the work of one of our present-day Omaha artists.

In addition, we are announcing the acquisition of an important old master painting. "St. Jerome" by Jusepe de Ribera, one of Spain's best known baroque masters, is now on display at Joslyn for the first time. The purchase of this distinguished painting demonstrates again what can be done through continued support from the community. During the year we have also been the fortunate recipient of many fine gifts and bequests, many of which are on exhibit and will be reviewed in our next annual report.

We trust that our ever increasing number of discerning visitors will enjoy these and other presentations that mark the anniversary of Mrs. Joslyn's magnificent gift thirty years ago.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

For our Thirtieth Anniversary

Exhibitions opening Sunday, November 26, 1961

HETTIE-MARIE ANDREWS, One-Man Show *Gallery A and Hallway*
Demonstrating the work of a contemporary Omaha artist.

PORTRAITS FROM THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART *Gallery B*
An exhibit of 100 works highlighting Twentieth Century styles.

GEORGE SIMONS—Painter, Poet, Pioneer *Gallery D*
An early Council Bluffs artist views the frontier.

WORKSHOP SHOW *Student Gallery*
Products from various workshops conducted at Joslyn.

Public Functions

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1961

Special showing of the four Thirtieth Anniversary Exhibitions with refreshments served in Floral Court from 3 to 5 p.m.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1961

New acquisition placed on view, *St. Jerome* by JUSEPE DE RIBERA, Seventeenth-Century Spanish master. This painting will be shown in Gallery C with an exhibit telling the story of how Joslyn Art Museum adds works to its permanent collection.

RICHARD AHLBORN, Joslyn curator, will give a lecture on the new Ribera in Gallery C at 2:30 p.m.

Chamber Music concert by the Fine Arts ensemble at 4 p.m. in Concert Hall. Refreshments following in Floral Court.

Thirtieth Anniversary Dinner

An event for Joslyn members on Thursday, November 30, 1961. Black tie. Reception from 6:45 in the South Galleries, dinner at 7:30 in the Floral Court with program following.

Dinner patrons will participate in an exclusive showing of a rare collection of distinguished art picturing the Early American West, and the unveiling of the painting *St. Jerome* by JUSEPE DE RIBERA.

ON OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY...

The activities of the Joslyn Art Museum did not come into being entirely by themselves but found roots in earlier organizations in Omaha. In 1877, only twenty-three years after the city of Omaha was founded, a sketch class was initiated at the George W. Lininger Gallery, which, nine years later, presented the city's first public art collection. As early as 1888, The Art Institute of Omaha pioneered in bringing distinguished exhibitions to Omaha and carried on its art activities well into the 1930's. With the founding of Joslyn Memorial, it concluded its program and graciously donated its collections to the Museum. The Friends of Art, and other organizations as well, took their place in developing the city's cultural life.

Drama and music presentations also flourished at an early date under the direction of civic-minded individuals and groups. Top-flight stage and concert personalities appeared in Omaha as early as 1866. The Drama League and the Omaha Community Playhouse developed local interest in the theater, and the Symphony Orchestra and the Tuesday Musical Club were, and still are, two of the most outstanding music organizations. It took a longer time, however, for a true museum, with all its complex functions, to appear in Omaha.

On November 29, 1931, the Joslyn Art Museum opened its doors for the first time. In the initial ten years, while its benefactress, Sarah Joslyn, still lived, collection and exhibition policies developed and the Concert and Lecture Halls provided excellent opportunities for a wide diversity of programs. Mrs. Joslyn had built the building as a memorial to her husband, George A. Joslyn, eminent Omaha businessman and president of the Western Newspaper Union. Her generous endowment left a remarkable degree of freedom to those who were to operate the Memorial. The Society of Liberal Arts was organized as the governing body and its trustees were given full authority, with no directive other than that it be developed for the benefit of the community. Architects John and Alan McDonald of Omaha designed the building and Peter Kiewit Sons undertook the construction. John David Brein prepared the sculptural friezes with inscriptions composed by Hartley Burr Alexander. Paul H. Grumann, then Dean of the School of Fine Arts of the University of Nebraska, was appointed as the first Director and fulfilled his post with distinction until his retirement in 1947. Since then, it has been my privilege to direct the affairs of the Museum.

The permanent collections started during the thirties with generous donations and bequests from many individuals. In the early forties, after the death of Mrs. Joslyn, special funds became available which made possible the start of the old master collection with the acquisition of a number of distinguished paintings.



The site of the Joslyn Art Museum in 1929. Looking northwest.



Work on the foundation August 1, 1929. Looking northwest.



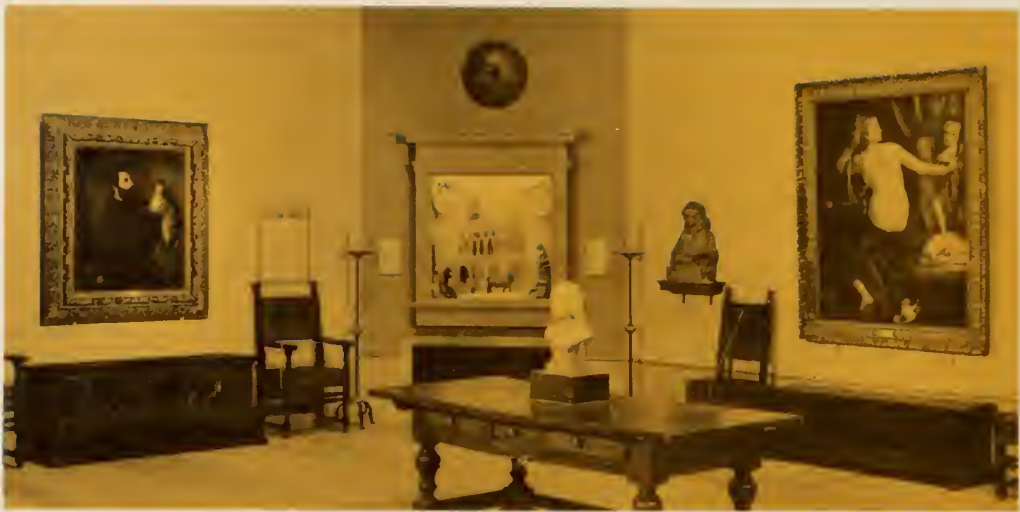
The main entrance as it appeared November 29, 1931.



*Director Paul Grumann
(on right) and his Assistant,
Mr. Eugene Kingman (1946).*



Museum staff in the early 1940's



Installation of the High Renaissance, sixteenth century, alcove, (1947).



Installation of the Early Omaha alcove in the "Life on the Prairie" section (1954).



A gallery lecture by Mr. Norman Geske, Director of the University of Nebraska Art Galleries, Lincoln (1961).

Following the war years, the Museum had developed to the point where the collections could be organized around a definite chronological plan. The five south Galleries were remodeled in 1947-1948 to provide for a graphic portrayal of Western art from the 15th through the 19th Century. In 1949 another exhibit area was redesigned for permanent displays on the Native Arts of North America, which are presented in terms of both esthetic and cultural uniqueness. In 1954 the museum was fortunate to receive substantial aid from the National Society of the Colonial Dames in Nebraska which made possible the development of our early frontier exhibits entitled *Life on the Prairie*. This permanent installation, combining regional art and history, has, among its visitors, thousands of school children who come each year on class tours. Selection and arrangement of our permanent collections are based on the premise that they can be of greatest service when treated as an interpretive demonstration of art in its many ramifications. Augmented with photographic enlargements and explanatory labels, the basic arrangement attempts to relate the exhibits around major developments in art history. Within certain limitations, we believe this can be done without over extending the collections. Keeping pace with these permanent installations is the wide range of temporary exhibitions covering inexhaustible creative fields.

For many years music and other programs of quality and variety have come to Joslyn from many Omaha organizations. The Museum's own offering in music is the Chamber Music Series featuring the Fine Arts Ensemble. The success of this group in building an audience for Chamber Music has made it possible for us to receive this year for the third time a special grant from the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation of the Library of Congress, which enables us to present some of the finest Chamber Music groups in the world to the Omaha public.

In recent years, the Museum's supporting services in education and research have filled ever increasing needs. Likewise, communicative channels have broadened with a resulting response that is most heartening. This is, therefore, an appropriate place to acknowledge the valuable services of the Museum's Women's Association. This organization started in the late forties and has grown into a service of real strength to the Museum. As well as committee activity in various fields, its operation covers many areas such as tour guiding, exhibit work and fund raising. One outstanding product of the splendid fund raising program of the Women's Association was the installation, between 1957 and 1958, of a series of displays devoted to the arts of the major cultures of The Ancient World.

As to the future, a world lies ahead. We who work at Joslyn do not think in terms of what still needs to be done. Rather, we consider these thirty years just a beginning. While endowment funds will enable us to operate and to keep the building open, Museum services have now reached a point where, more and more, their future must depend upon the active participation and financial support of the community. There are always new collections to build, refinements in display design, different approaches to that which we call "museum education". Above all, there is the positive expansion ahead in our "Joslyn Center" concept which we hope will embrace to greater extent the fields of music and history and eventually broaden into the sciences. To anticipate these responsibilities, our Board of Trustees has already been enlarged, as has our museum staff with the establishment in this current year of several much needed posts. In conclusion, let me add that all of us at Joslyn acknowledge with gratitude the ever expanding number of people who, through their donations, memberships and real interest, prove their belief in what this Museum stands for today and in the future.

EUGENE KINGMAN
Director

OUR NEW ACQUISITION...

Since the Joslyn Art Museum first welcomed the Omaha public to participate in its activities three decades ago this November, administrative policy has continually encouraged acquisitions of major distinction. On this occasion, that of our Thirtieth Anniversary, it seems opportune to announce just such an outstanding addition to our permanent collections - a portrayal of Saint Jerome by Jusepe de Ribera (1591-1652). First examined in Florence in the summer of 1960, the canvas subsequently arrived in the United States for final approval. With acquisition completed that winter, it was decided to hand the painting over to Mr. James Roth, Conservator for the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, for preservation. The fine efforts of Mr. Roth were apparent in May, 1961, when the freshened Ribera was returned to Omaha to await its well-earned public premier. This initial showing took place at the Joslyn Art Museum on November 30, 1961.

A forth-coming bulletin will carry a full account of what this significant oil painting by the Spanish master, Ribera, stands for, both in terms of the history of art as well as the history of the Joslyn Art Museum and its public.

RICHARD AHLBORN
Curator



Saint Jerome by GIUSEPPE DE RIBERA

GEORGE SIMONS, 1834-1917, Painter, Poet, Pioneer With a check list of works in the current exhibition

The work of George Simons was chosen as one of the exhibitions for the 30th Anniversary Celebration of the Joslyn Art Museum because it supplements so well the permanent regional exhibits of the Museum. This show features paintings, prints, maps and original objects to tell the story of the settling of the West.

Simons made his home in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa, during the last half of the 19th Century and came in time to witness the full tide of migration to the Far West. The town was one of the important "jumping-off" places for the great Platte Valley Route to Utah, Oregon, and California. His pencil sketches captured the landscape, the people, their homes and vehicles. It is said he had a photographic memory. From original sketches done on the spot, he later made accurate copies of the same scenes in paint or pencil. Some of these have been used to illustrate books about the West, especially histories of the regions around Council Bluffs and Omaha. At a time when photographers were few and far between, anyone with a talent for drawing had an invaluable asset for recording the contemporary scene at first hand. George Simons was one of these. Four paintings by him are in the Museum's permanent collection and more than twenty-five others have been borrowed for this special showing. Lenders include the Council Bluffs Free Public Library, the Council Bluffs Women's Club, private collectors and members of the artist's family. Five paintings sent by his son, Harry Norman Simons of Lebanon, Oregon, will remain as gifts.

Also sent by Mr. Harry Simons, as loans, are an illustrated Civil War diary, several summaries of pioneer adventures written by his father and a scrapbook of newspaper clippings spanning half a century. Because these complement the paintings and sketches and have historic interest beyond the immediate area, portions are included in this Bulletin. We are grateful to Mr. Simons for making this material available.

Thanks are also due to Miss Marguerite V. Brown for the use of fifty-five pencil drawings acquired from the artist in 1909 by her father, the late LeRoy C. Brown of Logan and Council Bluffs. All drawings illustrated are from Mr. Brown's collection. I wish to express my personal appreciation to Mrs. Leighton D. Miller for checking the records of the 29th Iowa Regiment and to the many others whose suggestions have been so helpful.

AS AN ARTIST, George Simons belongs to the type of folk artist whose chief aim was to represent visual reality of a specific scene with exactness of detail, leaving to others a more imaginative rendering of design and abstract pattern. In none of his paintings did he attempt to interpret nature or emphasize a particular mood. Even the oil painting of a raging forest fire near Mount Rainier seems to be a reporting of the event, rather than an expression of the fury and the terror.

His thirty-odd known paintings can be divided as documentary landscapes, portraits and studio works. His later pictures show a greater use of modeling, achieved probably through observation of the work of other artists and published illustrations. His few portraits lack academic polish, but suggest an insight to the individuality of his sitters.

The landscapes have pleasing compositions within the framework of rigid adherence to the actual contours. While he sometimes misses the correct date by a year in his reminiscences, his visual memory for details is always accurate according to early newspaper articles which quote the comments of old settlers.

It is this characteristic trait that makes Simons so important as a source, especially for the fifties, before exterior photographs are available. His pictures show the details of everyday life as he knew it - the clearing of timberland, the outdoor cooking pot, the guns and pipes of the men, the shawls of the women.

The new art of photography was limited at first principally to portraiture, and hence early views made by George Simons are the earliest record of Council Bluffs and the new settlement of Omaha across the Missouri River. In 1867 William Henry Jackson, the noted photographer of the grandeur of the West and of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, settled in Omaha for a few years. He photographed many scenes and houses, but it is chiefly through the sketches and paintings of George Simons that we have a visual record of the hills, the log cabins, the river and the steamboats as they appeared in the fifties.

Although the Civil War was well documented by camera, the first generation of news photographers followed the generals and the key battles. By far the greater number of illustrations of the War were made by staff artists of the weekly magazines publishing line engravings based on drawings. Evidently Simons never had a commercial outlet for his work and his tightly drawn scenes with minute details of the forts and barracks were done for his own record only.

His interest extended to all the arts, with a special flair for the theater. One of his early enterprises was a theater in Council Bluffs which he operated for six months in 1858. In the late eighties, he went to Washington State to find jobs painting stage scenery. He mentions declining to leave the wagon train at Salt Lake City in 1861 for a stop-over to paint stage scenery for Brigham Young. His creations adorned theaters in the Iowa towns of Glenwood, Neola and Council Bluffs. A resident still living in Neola remembers seeing his signature on the curtain of the Opera House there. All these have long since disappeared, as have his rolled panoramic views of the Missouri River from Sioux City to St. Louis and of the trail of the gold fields from Omaha to Denver.

Other lost paintings are a *Portrait of Chief Sitting Bull* said to have been painted from life, *The Trysting Place*, *The Resurrection*, *Christ and the Little Children* and a *Portrait of Mrs. J. B. Tabor*. These are mentioned in the scrapbook of newspaper clippings, as is a five-legged calf whose owner had commissioned George Simons as a taxidermist and was considering having a picture painted. His paintings are usually not signed, so there are probably many still in existence, but unidentified. A letter from a brother in Keokuk, Iowa, written in 1865, asks George "to make three or four of the nicest parlor pictures you can" to be hung in his new home. If painted, these have not so far been found.

His work brought little fame or financial rewards. Perhaps this was not really his chief interest. Not an empire builder, not a seeker of personal power, not quite a carbon copy of the thousands of pioneers who came West seeking farmland for permanent homes or opportunities for large profits, yet his life reflects the forces that were shaping America.

AS A POET AND WRITER, George Simons reveals the perceptiveness of an artist more clearly than in his literal drawings and paintings. His prose descriptions show a sensitive awareness to the beauties of nature and his comments on the misery of the War are expressed with unabashed compassion.

Writings by him which have come to light include the Civil War diary, three autobiographical narratives and verses composed for various occasions. Actually, there is more poetry in his prose than in the verses which express appropriate sentiments of the period. His various interests are brought out through the subject matter of the clippings in the scrapbook. They cover natural history, American history, and scientific and pseudo-scientific investigations. A brief article signed "G.S." mentions using a telescope to scan the stars and he carried field glasses with him during the War. Clipped and pasted in the scrapbook, (made from Coe's *Drawing Book of Landscape, Foliage, etc.*, published in 1852), are numerous poems by various authors. Some are unidentified, and a few are credited "G. Simons" or "G.S." Two of the poems quoted commemorate his departed wife, Emeline. The first appeared with the announcement of the birth of a grandson.

THE OLD ORGAN

The organ now is closed,
I hear the sound no more
Of the children's merry voices,
I used to hear of yore.
The soft and nimble fingers
That once danced o'er the key
Are playing with a baby
That's sitting on their knee.
They think no more of music,
Nor sing their songs, ha, ha,
Their thoughts are on the baby,
Now come and see Pa Pa.
I guess I'll sell the organ,
Though I hate to like the deuce.
As I have no one to play it
It's of no further use.
So farewell to the organ.
The baby takes your place,
Just hear its merry music,
As the tears roll down its face.

G. Simons

MOTHER'S GONE

They smoothed her hair and closed her eyelids.
Her bedside wet with tears that fall.
With a smile upon her features,
She hath answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently.
As she lies upon her bed,
God hath called her to his bosom
Now my loving wife is dead,
Sad and lonely now I linger,
With my children hovering
Mourning for a loving mother
That lies sleeping in the ground.

G. Simons

STAR OF THE TWILIGHT

Star of the twilight, beautiful star,
Gladly I hail thee, shining afar;
Rest from your labors, children of toil,
Night closes o'er thee, rest ye awhile;
This is the greeting, signalled afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Eagerly watching, waiting for thee,
Looks the lone sentinel, o'er the dark lea,
Soon as thou shinest, soft on the air,
Borne by the night breeze, floateth his prayer.
Watch o'er him kindly, hence from afar,
Light thou his path way, beautiful star,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Star of the twilight, beautiful star,
Gladly I hail thee, in heaven so far,
Guide the poor soldier, children so brave,
Rushing to battle, the union to save.
Watch o'er them kindly, then from afar,
Light you their pathway, beautiful star -
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.
Star of the twilight, beautiful star,
Gladly I hail thee, shining afar;
Rest from your toil, soldier of battle,
Rest for the night, from musketry's rattle,
Sleeping in peace, from loved ones afar,
Watch o'er them gently, beautiful star,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

Although having little formal education, he had an observing mind, an interest in the world around him, and an appreciation of what he observed.

AS A PIONEER, Simons witnessed a period in the history of our country that spanned the opening of the West to settlers to the time when the frontier had disappeared. He prospected for gold in Colorado, hunted buffalo with the Indians and traveled the Oregon Trail to California with his wife. While the great push of migration was always westward, traffic could and did move both ways, and Simons was one of those who did not find a permanent home in the Far West until 1909 when he moved to Long Beach. In spite of many trips away, both before and after his marriage in 1857, Simons always returned to the banks of the Missouri. He had first come to Council Bluffs in 1853, just when prospects for a trans-continental railroad reversed the national government's policy of leaving lands west of the Missouri as the domain of

the various Indian tribes. On the west bank Peter Sarpy's trading post and the Presbyterian Mission made the village of Bellevue an important site. Independent squatters were already anticipating the establishment of the new town of Omaha that sprang up as the capitol city when Nebraska Territory was formally established in 1854. The Indians were removed to their reservation in northern Nebraska.

Simons had crossed Iowa as a member of the railroad survey party led by Grenville M. Dodge, later a Civil War General and the chief engineer for the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad from Omaha to Promontory Point. Simons called Council Bluffs home for over fifty years, although at times he and his family were actually living in the area of Missouri Valley, Neola and Logan.

His boyhood is obscure. He evidently was born in Canada and lived with his parents in Streator, Illinois. Streator is in LaSalle County where the Dodge family also lived before coming to Council Bluffs. He is listed in the Council Bluffs' city directories off and on from the earliest volume of 1868 through 1865, as a painter, portrait painter, and briefly in 1891-2 as a gunsmith and locksmith. His parents and others of the family moved to Council Bluffs at an unknown time.

George was married in 1857 to Miss Emeline Clough whose family had come to Council Bluffs from Ohio. Three sons and two daughters were born. He was widowed at the age of fifty, but later married again.

Evidently the responsibilities of family life did not prevent him from further expeditions away from home, but an exact chronology of his activities is not complete. The following from his Civil War diary and excerpts from his several hand-written narratives tell in his own words his memories and experiences as a soldier, a painter and a pioneer.

MILDRED GOOSMAN
Associate Curator

THE DIARY is written in ink on the ruled blank pages of a hard cover notebook 7x8x3/8 inches. Original page numbers of the diary are set between diagonals. THE TEXT is reproduced exactly as Simons wrote it, with no changes in his phonetic spelling. This was not done to belittle his achievement but rather to contrast his lack of formal schooling with his native intelligence and alert observations.

EDITORIAL NOTES in italics are kept to the minimum and corrected spelling is not inserted if the meaning is clear.

/1/ It was on a bright morning and on the 6th of April 1864, that I left my home to join the army to put down the great southern rebellion. After a kiss from my little boy of four years old then one from an infant that lay sleeping in its carriage turning to my wife to receive her blessing and pressing her to my bosom perhaps for the last time her cheek layed against my own I felt the hot tears drop on my cheek, I bid her keep up a cheerful heart. It was like parting seemingly forever but I hoped not I touched her quivering lips to mine then releasing our embrace had the sad word adieu then passed out of the door to join the company that were waiting for me. I was soon seated in a

coach and rolling /2/ broad way [Broadway, Main street of Council Bluffs] as I passed a cross street I strained my eyes to get the last glimpse of the little cabin that was to shelter my family during my absents I caught a glimpse of one corner as I passed by the very logs seemed to meet my eye with the expression I'll shield them from harm while you are absent. In a few hours I was rolling ahead through a broad prairie now and then meeting an emigrant bound for Idaho, after a days travel we halted at a Hotel in grove city sixty miles from the Bluffs. After a nights sleep on the bare floor we took our breakfast with a little milk the land lord was kind enough to give to us. This

was the first rashions I have ever had delt out to me by uncle sam which consisted of bread, meet and coffee. We again resumed our seats in the coach and was soon rolling on towarge the mississippi river after puling through the mud and walking /3/ half of the time for three days we reached Fort Desmoin's the captal of Iowa. We halted at the Blodget house just as the sun was tutching the purple out line of the distant forest and raged hills after a warm meal we were ready for the night's rid in an open wagon it being to muddy to run the coach. in this wagon there were sixteen of us stowed away. After wriding all night in the rain and cold we arived at Gernell in the morning. Then taking the cars we ware soon hurled on by the iron horse through Iowa City and thence to Davenport. We were marched from the depot to Camp McClelon. Our sargent then ordered supper for us, it was soon ready and soon eaten. Yes, we soon cleared the bountiful table of its lucturies, such as hard tack, beans, coffee and salt horse and sow belley. after supper we were taken to our quarters and laid up for /4/ night. I was woken up early in the morning by the rattleing of the drum beating the real call. I staped out of my barrieks to answer to my name. I am now in Camp McClellon two miles above Davenport. It is situated on a high bluff with the broad Mississippi gildes with the morning sun, rushing headlesly alond the base of the hill to meet the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. After a weak delay I started for the rigenent on the twenth of April when I took the cars for Caro [*Cairo*], a town that was situated on a point of land in Illinois tutching the Mississippi and ohio river. At its mouth from thence down the Mississippi river to Memphus. While on the cars we were cheared by the waving of delicate white hands or fine cambrik hankerchief from gropes of patriarchic ladies from doors, windows and on the piasia. /5/ But when on the steamer gliding along the banks of Missouri or Kentuckey shore, we were not cheered by the bright smiles of the ladies for we seldom saw eney, and when seen it was through the small opening of a doore or through the cracks of a corn crib or round the corner of some wood shed, they would appear with an expresion of fear or a wicked look of hateured and contempt. While at Mempus, I was induced to visit the monument of Andrew Jackson, the 4th president of the united states. His grave yeard is one of the most delightfullist and loveliest placies my eyes ever behesd. It takes up a square of ground in the front part of the city, it is set out with evergreens of all discriptions and the groth of grass an other earbig wild geese setting under a dark shaded pine while through the grass or up a ceder or jumping from tree branch, /6/ or climing upon you for a presant of som nuts are the pet squarls which gives life and grandure to the cene. Around the monument is an iron fence interwoven with vines out side of this fence stands the dark pines seemingly dressed in mourning and the wind sweeping through the waving bows with a mournfull wailing gives a deep and disamel and

ever mournins apearance to the scene. While walking around on the east sid my eyes caught site of these word "union must and shall be perserved." the word union was partly cut out by som mirserible rebble. [*Andrew Jackson was the seventh president. He was buried at Nashville. The only record found of a staute such as George Simons describes is at New Orleans. Since this part of the diary is describing a past event, the assumption may be that he confused the two cities. He also may have taken for granted that the iron fence enclosed a grave.*]

I returned to the rest of my company who were about to take the steamer Lancaster No. 4 after a days run we landed at Helena [*Arkansas*], O was induced to take a strowle over the battle field, my blood chilled in my vanes when I saw the rebbles and union graves, some /7/ were partly oncovered, the flesh mostly gon now and ther a decayed lock of hair. this is the work of distructive muscut and canon. After another ride down the river, we landed at the island N. 63 to take in wood on this island in a colleny of Negrows just freed from bondage. negrows soldiers are stationed to guard the island while the older ones ar cleaning up the land the woman and younger ones are plowing and working the farms there are 400 [*Number indistinct - might have been 4000*]. of them on the island ... /8/ ... We again floted down the river to the mouth of White river we then steared our course up White river with our guns in hand expeting to fired upon by the gurellas But we reached bals bluff [*Devall's Bluff*] with out eny trouble.

All along the river were large plantations with their houses burnte nothing standing but their chimeny which are alwys built on the out side of the buildings. Now and then the negro huts were spared but the negros mostly gon now and then might be seen an old darky woman crawling from one cabon to the other the looks of desolat on ruined. We crosed on the cars from baler' bluff to Little Rock arkansas. A car ran of the track but was soon /9/ replaced and starded on through the sipress swamps and deep woods. I am now in the camp of the 29 Iowa rigement pasing the time idely away as the rigement is out on a excursion. I am now sitting in the shade beneath the spreading branches of a hugh old tree with the cool balmy breeze of the southern clime murmuring through its branches. The cattle quietly and lazily grazing around me. old brindle cow ventures so near to me that she stands in the same shade that i am sitting in, staring me in the face, her large eyes staring me in the face with a wicked expression of you d--m yankey what are you doing here you better go back North where you came from, at my back on the side of a slopping hill side is grazing a group of skelitons or worn out mules belonging to the government service. In front of me is streached on the ground a grope of soldiers and just byond but a short distance stands a /10/ picket fence which serrounds a grand square where the U. S. arsel of little rock is bilt serounded with a grove of large heavy timer. It is indeed a beautiful and romantick spot.

all is quite solitude except the cheeping of some feathered warblers or the war-like notes from a soldier's bugle which comes floatting on the air from beneath the deep tangled groves and forrests.

While setting here in a silent nook my thoughts are wandering to homeward toward my loved ones. Now while I am writing this word there may be a loved companion in some soletery spot thinking of me. perhaps all the sound that brakes her quiet retreat is the fretting of a little one thats playing by her side. I can all most see him now standing by his mothers side I most imagion now /11/ that I see his tinney tracks in the dry sand along the little brook or picking the rose leaves out from the opening buds or the lilley from out the quivering grass.

Yes and there is an other who perhaps is sleeping in the little carriage an Infant; while its fond mother sits gazing on its peaceful slumbers reflecting on ward perhaps to a time when the little sleeper might become a soldier and fall in battle he who is now sleeping inscant an harmeless in its downey little bed. She know not how large a stumbling stone may fall in its path of future toils through life. Hark what is that it is the drum beating the long role I must hasten to camp.

We started up the river on the steamer ad Hine on the 11th of june on purpos of gathering rails from the diserted rebbles farms on the way up the river I amused my self by scanning the river banks and rockey bluffs with my glass now and then meeting an arkansas. /12/ cabin standing on the bank of the river with a small patch of corn and the front door or doore yard would be ornamented with an old woman with a pipe or swab-stick in her mouth and a drove of young urchins almost innumerable. It was in the yard of one of these log cabbin where I first saw a swamp angle which inhabbits the dismal swamps of Arkansas. I will try to discribe the beautiful being. She was richley dressed. dressed to corespond with the land she in habits. she was dressed as neer as I could gudge in a pink dress but it was so compleatly covered with the Arkansaw soil that the collar could scarceley be deserned only when a slight gush of wind would rase

her apron her long flowing hair hung gracefully down her sunburnt shoulders which looked like a horse's tail in bur time Her dress hung down raping her spindle like legs. Which gave her the appearance of a bean pole with the beans striped off. Her voice was jentle and sweet with a deep rich tone resembling the voice of a Gentleman Cow. And her bars or shold say her gate was like that of a sea wallrous. /13/ after floating up the river some 20 miles we landed an the rails began moving from the fence to the deep of the steamer. I was pulling a rail from the fence when I was startled by something rushing through the brush behind me I droped my rail and stood all most breathless. What could it be I was without my gun or eny weepens of eny kind.

Our rails are now on board the steamer and she is plowing down the river twarge Little Rock, I am again in Camp. . . /16/ during the battle the soldiers were forced to drink water from the mud holes among the slain which was actualy stained with blood of the dead rebbles. A soldier told me that he saw an old darkie woman founne that the rebs were so clost to her that she could not escape with her self and child knocked it in the head to to keep it from falling in hands of the rebs it seem as tho she would rather murder her own children than have them fall in hands of the rebbles.

The 29th come into camp on the 3d day of May, they were very near worn out and starved out they could scarcely get in to camp bare footed and feet sor. They had to destroy their provisions and teams on account of the mud and to keep the rebs from capturing it the battle took place on the 1th of May 1864. *[The date shows an erasure. Appears to have originally been written "29th." The Battle of Jenkins Ferry took place on April 30th, 1864].* /17/ *[Watercolor sketch of]* Ben Johnson's residence Little Rock Ark. showing the kitchen and dining room an the negro sevents at the *time* of the sketch it was occupied by General Cars head Quarters during his stay in Little Rock. It was formerly the residence of the late Juge Ben Johnson a rebble officer in the suthern army.



Pencil drawing: O'Fallon's Bluff Trading Post, (Nebraska)—Brown Collection

[Hand written separate sheet found in diary].

SHELBY ON WHITE RIVER

Hark to the distant cannon roar,
Throwing thick their shot and shell,
On White River distant shore,
Sending rebbles af to h--l.
Shelby with his cannon set,
In the cane brakes thick and tall,
There our flet he thought to get,
Soldiers with suplies and all
But it caused him much surprise,
To see our gun boats rounding too,
Causing the rebs to open their eyes,
And to the woods they hastley flew.
Then general car with his brigade,
Gave the rebbles much a larm,
Which maid old shelby quite a fraid,
Thinking he might de them harm.
Then general car did them persue,
Scattering them both left an right,
Through the woods the rebbles flew
Till they all were out of sight.

/18/ [Watercolor sketch of] scene on the arkansas river.
Discription on page 11 The steamer Ad. Hine laying
at the bank loading with rails from a deserted rebble
farm also just below the sterner lies a flatt boat loaded
with rails

/19/

NEVER AGAIN

Broken the golden cord
Severed the silken tie
Never again will the old days com
Darling, to you and I
Dead the beautiful past
Scattered around its bier
Pale thoughts lie thick an memories
Of days that were so dear
Memories? Fold them up - - -
Lay them sacred by;
What avails it to dream of the past
The future; for you and I.
Broken the silken cord
Severed the golden chain
Linking up with the beautiful days
That never can come again.

G. S.

/20/

A HUNTERS LIFE FOR ME

O a merry life dose a hunter lead.
He who wakes with the dawn of day.
He whistles his dog, and mounts his steed
And scuds to the woods away
The lightsom tramp, of the deer he'll mark
As they troop in the herds along
And his rifle starts the tuneful lark
As he warbles his morning song.
O'a huntter is the life for me.
That is the life for a man
Let others sing of the swelling sea
But match the woods if you can.
Then give me my gun, I've an eye to mark.
The goose as he flies along,
My steed and my dog, and the cheerful lark
To warble my morning song.

/21/ [Watercolor sketch of] Pelican Mountain. This
Mountain is a very beautiful mountain it lies on the
east side of the arkansas river 15 miles above little
rock.

/23/ [Watercolor sketch of] Scene on the Kansas
[Arkansas] River above little rock looking up the river
from the bath house he steamer lies in fron tof the
state house on the opposite side of the river is rock
mountain

/25/ [Watercolor sketch of] Pontoon Bridge Acrost the
river at little rock looking down the river. The depo
on the left hand side on this rail road all of the suplies
is caried from Dovals Bluff to supply the army armies
on Arkansas river as boats cannot run down the river
on account of low water an the rebbles. On the right
hand side just above a point of rocks is a few houses
on the leavey at little rock Arkansas. August 28th,
1864. /26/ Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 9, 1864

After a long summer fatigure of standing picket
diging trenches brest works and building forts and
fortifying untill November the 1st, which realieved
us from all such duty. It was fall the cold biting frost
of October had turned the green leaves to meny colors
of the brightest tints of scarlet orange and diferent
shides of brightest yellow. cold weather was making
its appearance, with dark frowning clouds raising in
the North West threatening us with the coming
stormes.

The soldiers were ordered to building barricks on
prepair for the comming winter. Details were made
and the men drawn up in line with axes on their should-
ers and marched down to the sypruss swamps [In the
final double letter of "sypruss", long "s" is used. This
is the only time this older form is used, even in the same
word in the following sentence]. The forrest resounded
with the swinging ax of the soldier and the loud crash
of the grand old sypruss as it fell to the earth, which
has stood in the swamps of Arkansas for years before
it met the eye /27/ of the white settler. Enhabited
only by the Cheroches and Chocktos a wild Indian
race, But now have become civelized and are good
farmers an owned negro slaves. A grate meny of them
have joined the Union Army an are good soldiers
soldiers fighting for the Union and their homes and
our country and theirs.

The logs soon came roling in an wagons drawn by
six stout mules, the bows were soon at work puling
down the old tents and placing the bottom logs for
our barricks which were compleated in a weeaks time.
We were very nicely an comfortable fixed in our new
sypruss shantyes when we were ordered to pine Bluff
to relieved the 28th Wisconsin who were ordered up
here to take our place. This orderd rared the spunk
of our boy who comenced cursing the Dutch an mimi-
can the broken comand of the Dutch officers. The
cause of this order were to spite our rigement. General
Solaman [General Frederick Solomon commanded the
1st Brigade in the VII Corps] to /28/ put on airs
and unnessery stile. He raised a Brass Band which
gave the boys a greadel of unnessary traveling of a
mile every morning to mount guard, as he wished to
make a grand display of his brass band. He requested
our officers to throw in something to support the band
to help him carry on or keep up his stille which they
refused to do, so to have a little reveng and to spite
us. He ordered our regement down to pine bluff, which
throwed us out of his division and from under his
command. The General was to shorte sited and thick
headed to see at the first sight that he was ingering

him self more than twenty ninth. Our regement were very well pleased to get out from under his command and out of his brigade. The general was very much vexed when he saw he had lost us so foolishly, We were then transfured to the second brigade commanded by General Anderson. [General C. C. Andrews commanded the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, VII Corps]. As it were General Solaman was only acting in the place of General Rice, who was /29/ wounded at the battle of jinkins ferry on the seline river, after being wounded he went to him home in Ausklusa in Iowa and died. [General E. A. Rice commanded the 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, VII Corps. He died at Oskaloosa, Iowa, July 6, 1864]. General Solaman had not yet ben promoted he sent on to get his promotion, and at the same time Col. Benton sent on a partition to asking a promotion as General in oposition to General Solomon. [Col. Thomas Hart Benton, Jr., later General Benton, commanded the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division of the VII Corps]. It sat in with a cold drisling rain on the 12th the right wing of our regement we sent out to guard a saw mill. that was being built for the government. a few days before the rebs captured twelve of boys who were near the mill burning cole. On the 16th we went out to relieve then, we reached their camp after two hours hard marching through mud and water an over rough hills an through the deep pine forest. during the few days it rained most the time I wore wet close from the time I lift the barricks untill we were relieved and reached our /30/ barricks, which was on the 19th. On the 22nd our company was ordered out again to the mill to relieve another company. six of the company were immediately detailed to go out after forage, we left camp at three o'clock in the after noon headed by Cp. Gardner of company A. we mete and halted at an old log house at the upper corner of the field which was occupied bo an old woman and three childrin two small ones and one woman grown /31/ in their house had the appearance and picture of hard times their close were of wolen and not the best which were nearly worn of from them, they appeared to be in a destitute condision for eatibles and clothing. after giving the

oldest daughter a chaw of tobaco, she told us where we would find hogs and cattle, we struck of in an old blind road partly hidden with the autum leaves and the rank growth of weeds we soon reached an old farm which had ben diserted, part of the boys started of to the left around the field, the captain my self and two others took down the road along the fence of the old field. We has not seperated but a few minutes when we herd the report of a gun we stoped to listed we soon herd an other report an other and an other At this we started back on a double quick we were soon with the other party they had kiled two nice hogs, they were soon quartered and /32/ and each one with his bayonet struck through a quarter and thrown over his shoulder and making through the woods in Indian file tworge camp, we reached camp just after sun down. Our cook Mr. C. was not long in getting me a warm supper a nice stew of fresh pore, the next day an other forage party went out and brought in three beaves which suplied us with plenty of fresh meat, and the day following. Our cook immagoned he could go out and kill a deer he started jest at day brake an about ten o'clock he cam in grunting and pufing under the heavy weight of a nice deer. This gave me the buck fever so the next day I started out with the cook an Mr. H. we struck of up the creek and launched out into the woods and into slope of country that were thronged with bush whackers ... /33/ ... The tingle of a bell /34/ drew our attension up the crick. we started up in the direction of the bell we had gon but a few rods when we saw a blue smoke curling up from amont the syprus boughs a few rods further and we could see through the open branches what appeared to be the ruff of a cabben standing on a hill side an on the opsit side of the stream. we crosed the stream on a foot log and taking a path led us out to an opening or clearing which peared to be a small farm in a valey between the hills the house was a log cabin which had the appearance of being one of the oldest cabbins in Arkansas in the yard was an old man half dried up and looked as tho the next hard wind that came sweeting down the valley would carry him away the old spinning wheal stood in the frunt yard of the house and by the



Pencil drawing: Winter Quarters of 29th Iowa Volunteers at Little Rock, Arkansas, 1864-65—Brown Collection

side of it stood a female turning wool in to yarn. They looked very uneasy at the appearance of our blue over coats /35/ and the bright glittering barrels of our musket as we ventured up to them. But their fears soon fled when they saw we were disposed to be friendly. we asked a few questions in regard to the game and the part of the country where we would find game more abundant he answered our questions very willingly we bid him good night - and crossed back over the creek. It was getting nearly sun down. here we separated each one taking his course through the woods and baring twarg camp I took my course and watching for the timed deer as he might spring out of some thick or from its bed in the roots of some fallen pine. I wandered on with a cautious step listening to every sound that occurred in the rustling leaves. at last the shadow of night over took me the day passed away and not the first sight of game as it was now dark I quickened /36/ my steps twarg camp. It was dark when I reached the picket line I stole through without being discovered by the pickets. Mr. H and the cook had not yet got in I had been in camp the space of an hour when Mr. H came in after a miles travel out of his way, he saw the light of some coal burners which he took to be the light of the mill where our camp was, in half an hour later just as the role was being called the cook came in Mr. Carter and with out any game so the days hunt proved fruitless for us. We were relieved from the mill and were assigned to Provost duty in little rock where our duty was very hard on 24 and of 24 as I was off from duty for a few hours I wandered out on the bank of the river to gaze on the beauties of nature while sitting on the high banks of the river I saw the Steamer Chippaway. Davenport. Anna Jacops, Lutus and Ad Hine which had started up the river /37/ river on the 20th of January bound for fort smith loaded with supplies for government on their way down the river they were fired into by rebels on the shore the chippaway was captured and burnt with her the captured the fiftyth Ind. Vol. the Anna Jacops was disabled and sunk on a sand bar she was loaded with refugees from Ft. Smith. She had in tow an new hyl which was built for a steamer and being towed down to little rock to be finished this barg was full of women and children they cut the barg loose from the sinking steamer which floated down and lodged on a snag in the river the women all layed down in the bottom to protect them selves from the rebellous bullets. here they lay for a number of hours shivering in the cold untill the Lutus came down and took them on board. She was also fired into by cannon and musket five were killed and a number wounded her side back of her boilers were cut full of bullet holes /38/ one cannon ball passed through her pilot house missing the pilots' head but few inches next was the Davenport an Ad Hine which also had a taste from the rebellous guns one cannon ball went through the wheel house of the Davenport but don her no harm. Troops were left to guard the Jacops who soon run the rebels of the rebels lost two pieces of cannon by over loading one too

heavy they broke an exeltry out troops disabled the other which caused them to retreat. When the Lutus was fired into some of the refugees women were so alarmed and frightened they jumped over board little children three to six years old seeing their mothers go over board ran to the edge of the boat and jumped over after their parent Some of the women were rescued that jumped over board. There was thirty missing from the boat it is supposed they all jumped over board and were drowned when the rebels commenced firing on the /39/ Lutus. A brave officer on board was so frightened he jumped over board and swam twarg the shore two where the rebels were he had very near the shore when he by some sudden change of mind turned and was swimming back for the boat when he was fired upon by the rebels and cut to peaces.

It was a cold bleak wind from the north and freezing cold when the steamers landed at Little Rock, Ark. discharged their loading which were mostly refugees women and children and in the most destitute condition. What little clothing they had were thrown around on the leavy and mixed up with a hundred others negroes and whites there between two and three hundred This was the hardest site i ever saw yet. In spite of my self controle the tears would start in my eyes when I gazed over the groups of little ones which stood shivering by a /40/ a pile of old bed close in the cold bleak without any fire and an pinched with hunger in other groves some had found a few pieces of wood and started a fire here were little ones near infants sat hovering over the fire on the cold ground seemingly no one to help them the cold wind and smoke blowing in their eyes untill they were all most swelled out of their heads It nearly broke my heart to see the sufferings of the little helpless ones that sat croing on the cold ground crying with cold and hunger some were nibbling on a mouldy hard tack to hard for their little teeth to make an impression on and scarcely close enough on to hide their nakedness Some old women were crowded into a pile of old bed close to keep from freezing Some lay very sick one woman with a large family of children lay on an old feather bed dangerously ill. her little ones stood around the bed crying with cold and hunger no one /41/ to take care of them no help them. on an other place lay an old man who had been wounded in three places no one but a little girl to wait on him in an other pile of rags lay an old man with shakles on who had gone crazy on a count of the war. Old women and men some had passed the age of 83 and one 89 many of them whose hairs are frosted by the works of many summers and one foot in the grave they have left the rebel lines and seek protection in the union lines.

Some were cared for the same day of their arrival and some remained on the levee for two or three days before they were all taken to comfortable quarters in barracks where soldiers had left But I must confess that I was astonished to see the difference shown to blacks and whites The negro refugees were well dressed and plenty to do with very comfortable /42/ to do with

while the whites were suffering the first that were taken care of was the african gentleman and lady wagons and drays were dep buisle ingaged untill the collored folks were all taken care of then the poor whites came next I am down on the whole negro race since i have ben in the South more then ever was before a negro is thought more off here in the south than a white person that is considered poor, We were compeled to leave Little Rock in the morning of the ninth of February at five o'clock we marched from camp by the music of the drums As we pased by the little pine cabbins I heard the sobs and cries of a young married woman as her husband marched by the cabbins door to leave her for a while and perhaps for ever as he might fall by the rebles balls. It puts me in mind an brings to my memory the time when I parted with my loved ones to the battle field in the South. We were marched /43/ down the river and on the ferry boat where we crossed the Arkansas River to the depot where we took the cars for Davuls Bluff. While waiting for the train to start I turned around to look back at the rock for the last time. The sun was just rising above the eastern horezon castings its rays of golden light upon the calm waters of Arkansas. in the water reflected the dark forrest which fringed the banks of the river running back in the dim distance fading from view in the murkey atmusphear. The cars at last roled on and we were on our way to join the eastern army in taking Mobal we arrived at Davuls Bluff about noon where we lay until eight o'clock in the evening when we embarked on the steamer Fanny Ogdon there were eight hundred soldiers on board we were so crowded we had scarcely room enough to lay down. After a cold tedious ride through the night we reached the mouth of white river at eight o'clock in the morning a distance of one-hundred and eighty miles. We landed at white river landing /44/ where ther were a few colored soldiers

and a gun boat to protect that point on the river from there we took the steamer Saratoga at three o'clock on saturday afternoon for New orleans and the groupes of negros on the banks of the river who were so delited to see the blue coats pass who was the caus of their liberation and freedon would swing their handkerchiefs and old delapaded aprons and send up cheers of de Lord bres dem yankes. On each side of the river were large cotton plantations deserted by their owners who were perhaps driven of and in the rebles army and their house burnt. but the negros huts still standing which one the largest plantations would number near fifty houses. We pased miligans bend at twelve o'clock at the uper end of the bend is built a rebles fort on the bank of the river but they were driven from it by banks [probably Nathaniel Prentiss Banks] We toughted at Vixburg at one o'clock on Sunday we were permitted to spend two hours in the city I wandered throw the town viewing the shattered /47/ buildings destroyed by the shot and shell in taking the place in the bank and side hills were caves dug for the protection of women and children during the engagement.

We halted at Natches and which the town is princely on the hill the buildings on the leavy is nearly all distroid by fire, we paseed Port hudson. It is a natural fortified place with a little labor made it one of the hardest places to take on the river. below the town is a large platt or bottom where banks lost a grate many men [20,000 given in another account by Simons] in trying to take the place on the river bottoms reaching to Noworleans are large sugar plantations on the banks of the river are numerous slave dwelings which resemble a village which extend down to Neworleans. We landed to Neworleans for an hour then crossed over to Algears where we stoped for a weak our quarters were in a large brick building the Belville Iron works the building covered an entire block or square.

Here the account in the diary ends. The narratives relate that from Algiers the regiment went by train to Lake Port thence on the steamer Clyde, February 21, through Lake Ponchetrain into the Mississippi Sound. They were fired on while passing Fort Pike, ran aground within a mile of Fort Powell and were rescued by the steamer Warrior.

Events of the stay in Mobile and a summary of his life leading to his conversion are related in the following. This was evidently written before Simons returned hime from the Army.



Pencil drawing: Fort Pike, Lake Pontchartrain, 1865—Brown Collection

The following account is condensed from an autobiographical summary written, perhaps, later in life.

Kind reader. The Lord will answer prayers. I know he will, because he has answered mine, and also answered The prayers of my friends at home. I will reveal to you what he has don for me, and my bosom companion. I have spent most of my time in serving the Devil, neer thirty years, and seaking after nothing, but the pleasures of this earth, and this life, I have travled in my sins through the Wiles of the Rockey-Mountains, amid the hostile Indians of the forrest. And over the broad sea through its raging billows. Tho disobedant as I was to gods laws, he had mercy on me, and led me safe through the dangers that I have ben exposed to. I lived for a number of years in Council Bluffs City known at one time as Kanesville. Which is situated on the Missoure river, eight hundred and ten miles above its mouth. In 1852 and three, the whites comenced settling in Nebraska and to clear the fronteer of the Omaha Indians. They were removed eighty miles up the river on a peace of land reserved for them, caled Black Bird Hills. I had become acquainted with a few Indians, and the old chief white horse, and his family. They invited me to go up with them on a Buffalo hunt. Which I expected, I riged my self out with an old flint-lock gun, and amunition. The Indians were on their march up the river, tworge their new hunting ground. When I joined the mane boddy which numbered over twelve hundred Indians. Their squas and Poneys trudging on beneath a heavy load of provisions, and camp equipments. While young and old men carried nothing but their bows spears and guns, and sometimes stroling through the woods in search of game. We had nearly reached our destination when a sad affair happened to me. Which enraged the Indians against me. It was this, as my self and a young Indian were hunting along the shore of a lake for wild ducks which at that time were very numerous. We were going through a dence thicket of willows. The Indian a head and I was clost behind him, with my rifle on my shoulder, and the butt of my gun hanging behind me, and the muzle pointing forward with my hand clasped around the barrel near the muzel, when the brush caught in the lock of my gun, which caused it to fire. The ball took effect in the shoulder of the Indian. he fell to the ground, growning and weltering in blood. The accedent very much alarmed me. The first thoughts that cam to me wer to throw him in to the lake, to keep the sad accedent from being discovered by the Indians - for fear the Indians would murder me, for revenge. yet the poor indian was not dead. Then I thought of loading my gun and shooting him through the head, Tie a stone to him and sink him in the water, this I was strongly temped by the Devil, to commit murder. While I was meditateing on what to do with the wounded Indian, my thoughts were changed to mercy, by the power of the Lord. Which saved the life of the Indian and save me from committing a sinful crime, murder, on one who had been a friend to me.

I bent over the growning man with tears trinkling down my cheecks. His sense of mind was coming back. When I bent over and spoake to him, he turnd his head and staring at me with the tears glittering in his large black eyes and said O, you shute me. you kille me. Ingen good to you. Omaha likeum you. what makeum you shute te me. I ventured to explain to him how it happened by going through the brush. but his reply was. no, me no believe. you purpos kill-e me. you bad man, I helped him to a comfortable place on the grass in the shade of a large willow, where I left him, and went to the Indians and told them of the accident that had happened to the Indians and my Self. The squaws went for him and brought him to camp. The whole tribe except a few Indians who were my intimate frends, there greatly enraged at me. A council was called on the affair. They had not yet deprived me of my libbrty. I noticed as they counceiled to gather, that the picture of revenge was deepening on their grim visage's. While I was watching their manovers, a single Indian came shyly from the croude, and aproached me looking very serious, and said, Ingen no good, me good, Ingen o-heap mad, very mad, me fraid Ingen kill you, you hide in woods, Ingen no git-e you

We had halted at the edge of a thick patch of willows which ran up and down the river for some distance, and from the camp through the willows to the river bank was nearly quarter of a mile. I managed to get in to the willows without being suspected of leaving and made for the bank of the river as I reached the bank of the river which was from fifteen to twenty feet high, as I looked over the bank I saw a canoe lodged on the shore. The sight of it gave me much releaf and joy. I slid down the bank and soon had the Canoe floating on the yellow bossm of the Missourie river. I picked up a broken paddle which lay in the canoe, and setting my self down clos-ly in the bottom I paddled down with great caution, keeping clost under the high bank for some distance below the Indian camp before I ventured out from under the covering of the bank, to cross the river. And by the protecting hand of god, I was freed from the enraged Indians that were counceiling on taking my life. The prayer of my parents to god, for my protection was heard and answered. I padelled my little craft down the current of the mad waters of the Missouria river, against heavy south wind driving the waves over the gunnels of my frail bark, and a heavy rain which had all ready began to fall, nearly filled the canoe with water. To keep her a float, I was very often obliged to pull up on a sand-bar and empty the water out of the boat. In the after noon next day near three o'clock I became very hungry and wearyed. I landed under a high perpendicular bank, which was near twnty feet above the watter. I dripping wet, clim up the muddy and slipery banks, on the Iowa side, en hopes of seeing some settler

cabbin, but no. Before my lay a broad valley covered with tall grass waving like a sea as the wind bent the slender stalks to and fro, rugged and high hills loomed up in the dim distance. No signal of human life was visible, I resumed my seat in the canoe and floated down the river a number of miles. It was getting near night, the sun was sinking down behind the tree tops. Throwing its last rays upon the dancing waters. When I heard the barking of a dog and the tinkling of a bell, I immediately landed to ascertain whether I was in the vicinity - or not, of a settler's cabins, pulling my canoe upon the shore and abandoning her, I made my way through a dark forest of cotton wood and willows, as I reached the outskirts of the wood which bordering on the shore of a little grassy lake on the opposite side of the lake were small broken and uneven hills covered with bur oak, walnut and linn timber. I saw partly hidden in the hills and foliage a newly built cabin covered with shakes, after a brisk walk of a mile I halted at the door of the hut. I was met by a young girl who welcomed me into the house. After I had dried myself by the fire, as I was yet wet from the recent rain. I set up to the table, to a supper of milk bread and butter. After entertaining the family during the evening by relating the sad affair that happened to me up the river I retired to bed, happy of finding so comfortable a place for the night, never thanking the Lord for leading me safely through the dangers I had just passed through as I should of done. I rose early next morning which was bright and clear, (this cabin stands near Fort Calhoun) after traveling a distance of twelve miles I was once more safe with my friends in the vicinity of Council Bluffs and the white settlement.

After the war broke out I enlisted in the Union army. I was sick a good part of the time, and saw so many of the soldiers from one to three every day, born to their long home, to meet their God, and there to be judged according to their deeds. This brought me to a quandary of thoughts, and the willful of my soul. I was determined to look more deeply in the cause and need of being a Christian, and to learn what course to pursue and what was needed to make a Christian

I went to the Christian Commission and asked for a testament which was given to me. I began at the first part and read it through. When I had got through the little book I had learned more of the real need of being a Christian and serving God, than I ever had known before. The first thing I learned was the Lord's Prayer. Which I whispered every night when I retired to bed. From that time I was determined to live a Christian. It was then, that I felt the full power of the devil. I could feel and realize that I was in the devil's hands. While I whispered a prayer to God, I could feel him struggling with my soul, for fear he would lose it, he tempted me every day in various ways, But I was determined to loosen and free myself from his power over me, and thank God, I have broken the chain which he had me bound with, and am determined not to be captured by him again.

On one Sunday evening, I went to a Negro revival and prayer meeting. It gave me much pleasure to see the happiness they enjoyed in their meetings. I knew by their words songs and prayers even their very actions revealed the power of the Lord, that twined around their hearts. Though their ways and manners of serving and worshiping God is somewhat different from our ways and manners. My regiment was ordered to Mobile on the ninth of February, we landed at Mobile Point on the last of that month. We pitched the camp on the white sandy beach of the Gulf of Mexico, and on the skirt of a little grove of oaks, which made a delightful shade, we selected a beautiful spot for a meeting house. All of the underbrush and palm leaves were cleared off, and we soon had quite a romantic little church, we would meet every evening in our little leafy church with the chaplain, for a prayer meeting, and on Sunday for regular service. After a few meetings the crowd began to increase, until the little grove was filled with the boys in blue, as the shades of evening darkened into night, and as the bright fire from our little church cast its rays through the dark foliage of the grove. The boys would string along through the greasy wood brush, guided by the bright light from our little church. They began to go forward from five to ten



Pencil drawing made in Panama: *Aspenwall (Colon), Central America, 1863*—Brown Collection

every evening for two weeks that our meting lasted. them that had lived in sin all their lives, bowed down at the mourners bench, with tears in their eyes, callin on God for mercy declaring they would never rise from their knees untill they had received mercy and forgiveness from God.

In that little grove never will I forget the spot on the beach of the Gulf of Mexico, where I bowed down for the first time in earnestness to God, deturmaned to turn my back to this sinful world, and follow Gesus. I asked the Lord to tutch the heart of my wife that she might become a christian, She had bin raised up not knowing the reel need of religion or of serving the Lord. I prayed for her, my prayers were heard and answered and so were the prayers offered up at home for me as you may see by a letter written to my by my Brother. [*Telling of his wife's conversion*].

Glory to God my prayer is heard. I have received that which I prayed for the tears of joy burst from my eyes as I read the last few lines, It caused me to rejoice at the sweet thoughts of finding when I get home a christain wife, God will surly answer a prayer that is offered up by a sinner if it comes with faith from the heart!

Started on servaynig trip with Gen Godge from Devenport, iowa 1853 on Rock Island RR servan from Devenport to Council Bluff started from Devenport 1st of May got to C.B. in Sept., stopped at Councle Bliffs made that home for 56 years, three of us went up on Mouseeri River to St. Louis in 1854 painted a panaroma of the trip after that I went to Denver their was two or three log cabens their then/doug for gold quit their, them and went to hunting in Pike Peak mountains left Denver back to Councel B on our way some Indians missed one of their red stone pipe they followed us for the pike was going to serce for it but one that had it droped it in the roaid the Indians found it they were satiefied went back On our road back three or four travelers came to us they were lost they lived on onions for a number of days one gave me a overcout to take him to Pikes Peak the wait down to Fort Corney [*Fort Kearney*] their drew rashens to last him, he had lots of gold in his pockets I found out after words, three after I got to C.B. I started on another adventure Buffalo hunt with the Omaha Indians [*Another version of this episode is quoted elsewhere*] 1858.

I started a theater their [*Council Bluffs*] was their 6 months, then broke up and started acrost the plains I painted the seonry and all - in 1861 I went with my uncle acrost the plains their was 40 wagons of us we traveled up the platt river on the north platt we stopped for the 4 of July they took the side bords from our wagon, our fiest consisted of Roast Ox goose breasts and every thing one could amagain the address of the day was made by Dun Nortin, Sr., we went on then with out any trouble on any kind until we got to Salt Lake then I meet a man who useto be with me in the theater he told old Brigham Young I was a sean painter and he wanted me to stay their

he offord me 6.00 a day but I wouldnt stay I felt suspicious. made different trades I sold the team then took stage the Old Calif Route to Sacramento from Salt Lake. - had time of fishing - We camped at Sacramento and brought another team to take me to Petelunia. I camped on the Sac River beside a big grape vinyard - I went to get some grapes - the man told me to come and get better ones, I worked at Petelunia staid all their all that winter then mother [*doubtless his wife Emeline, whose obituary mentions her dangerous trip to California in 1862*]. wanted to go back so I got the money and she went back by the Ismus, the panama people took them through over the lakes and over land on burrous the necked panona took etc I staid at Healsburg that winte had a painting school [*"Moses Tailer" is written at top of page before the following sentence*]. The next fall I went back but had a little better trip than mother did we crossed the Ismus and took the, [*unfortunately Simons has left out the key word to tell how the journey was completed*], finely getting back to C.B. was a month on the trip when I got to C.B. I joined the army in the 29 Volunteers I nurced in the hospille in Nouralines - I joined the rigement at Little Rok Ark I was on picket duty and guard duty we hod to fight rats their to and I slept in a place where they kept grain the rats run all over me they run over my legs I would kick them they would fall heavy on the floor I was painting a sign on a store when I was off duty every thing shook like an earth quck it was a hill acrost the ark river blew up blew a man up and when he came down fell on a man that was riding a mule killing him to . . .

Whil at Mobile I was taken sick.

I laid on a san bar, when I would a drink I had to go on my hands and neis to a small hole to take a few swollows - from their they sent me to dofolan Island I staid their a week or to an the hopitle then they sent me to New Orleans to the Morine Hospitle after I got the hospitle, when I got with the Dr. put me and another man in as nurce in a ward of about 40 beds we staid their nearly all summer - near the end of the war hardly any body was their they was miserable people their So I went back to my regiment down the Galveston.

My regment wasent their and they could not locate it for a week so they sent me to it for miles to the mounth of the Riao grand we laid their untill the war closed.

A CHECK LIST OF THE GEORGE SIMONS EXHIBITION

Oil Paintings

A Pause In The Journey, Bradshaw house, 1859, located at what was later the junction of Canning and Pierce Street.

Gift of Museum Staff in memory of Louis A. Gobel.

**Early Council Bluffs*, 1849
1957 Purchase

**Mail Delivery on The Frontier*
Gift of Paul Barlow Burleigh
Permanent Collection, Joslyn Art Museum

**Sioux City, Iowa, 1856*
Lent by Mr. Robert H. Aborn, Glen-shaw, Pa.

Mt. Rainier at Tacoma, Washington, 1888
Railroad Station at Tacoma, Washington, 1888

Portrait of Alexander Campbell

Portrait of A Negro
Lent by Miss Marguerite V. Brown, Council Bluffs, Iowa

**Bellerue, Nebraska, 1856*
Lent by Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Christlieb, Omaha, Nebraska

Council Bluffs, early 1850's

**Panoramic View of Council Bluffs, 1857-8*
Later Panoramic View of Council Bluffs

River Scene With Missouri Packet OMAHA
Lent by Council Bluffs Free Public Library

View of Council Bluffs Showing Railroads
Lent by Council Bluffs Savings Bank

**The First Mail Carrier (Omaha) 1855*

Buffalo on The Plains

Burial on The Plains

Logging Scene

Lent by Council Bluffs Women's Club

Buffalo Coming to Drink in the Missouri, after Karl Bodmer (attribution to George Simons not definite)

Lent by Mr. Ray Craft, Council Bluffs, Iowa

**Panorama of Council Bluffs, 1853*
Lent by Harry Crawl, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Stage Coach Hold-Up (after an early print?)
Lent by John Howell - Books, San Francisco, California

Portrait of Chief Sitting Bull, after Julian Scott (attribution to George Simons not definite)

**Mormon Encampment*

Lent by Mrs. Kenneth Parker, Omaha, Nebraska

Portrait of Mrs. George Simons, after a photograph

Wildlife Scene, family of quail, after Currier and Ives print after painting by A. F. Tait.
Lent by Mrs. Willis Pitt, great-grand-daughter of artist, Iowa Falls, Iowa

Cottage Scene

Lent by Miss Vera E. Reynolds, grand-daughter of artist, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Cows Wading in Stream

Deer in Forest

Harry Norman Simons, 1897

Harry Norman Simons on Horseback, 1897
Forest Fire At Mt. Rainier, Washington, 1888

Lent by Harry Norman Simons, son of the artist, Lebanon, Oregon

**Pencil sketches for these paintings are exhibited*

Sketches, LeRoy C. Brown Collection,
Lent by Miss Marguerite V. Brown

Council Bluffs, Iowa, 1853

Council Bluffs, Iowa, early 1850's

Council Bluffs, Iowa, 1858

Wick's Mill and Residence, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Elder Orson Hyde's House in Council Bluffs

First Claim Cabin in Omaha, June 1854

Omaha in 1855

Omaha Indian Village on the Papillion in 1855—Reverse: Dodge's last camp below Crescent City

First Railroad Bridge and Train over the Missouri River in Omaha

View of Early Omaha looking North—Reverse: Sketch of 4th Iowa Regiment

Mormons Landing at Florence in 1856

Mormon Camp meeting at Park Mills, Pottawattamie County, Iowa

Old Mormon Ferry on the Elkhorn

Old Pawnee Indian Village on the south side Platte River 1855

Bellerue, Nebraska in '56

General Dodge's Camp on Coon River in 1853—(First Rock Island Survey in 1853)

General Dodge's Claim on the Elkhorn (Claims of Sylvanus Dodge & G. M. Dodge looking south to ferry on the Elkhorn, 1854-58)

Early Nebraska Cow Rancher and His Home—Reverse: Plows

Scottsbluff

Chimney Rock

Sioux City, Iowa, 1856

The Blackbird Hills 1854—Reverse: Pikes Peak Camp on Clear Creek near where Golden City now is and 12 miles from Denver.

Bound for Pike's Peak—Reverse: Freemont [sic] land opposite Antelope Island

St. Vrain's, Colorado—Reverse: Long's Peak

O'Fallon's Bluff Trading Post—Reverse: Wagon and two mules.

Fort Laramie—Reverse: Ruins of Free State Hotel—Lawrence, Kansas

Great American Desert, West of Salt Lake—Reverse: Sargents Bluffs [sic]

California Train Noonning 1861

State Prison at Little Rock in 1864—front view

State Prison at Little Rock in 1864—rear view

Little Rock, Arkansas

Winter Quarters of the 29th, Iowa at Little Rock, 1864

Rebel Blockade Runner, Savannah

Rebel Blockade Runner, laying at the Mouth of Matagorda Bay

Scene near Panama

Panorama of Panama

Panama-Central America

Aspenwall (Colon), Central America 1863, Fort Alcatraz

Fort Alcatraz, San Francisco Bay, California

The Golden Gate

Bellvill Iron Works, New Orleans

Fort Powell—Lake Pontchartrain

Lake Port on Lake Pontchartrain

Fort Pike on Lake Pontchartrain

Fort Gaines, Lake Pontchartrain

Cathedral at Galveston 1865

Galveston showing the entrance to the harbor in 1865

Galveston in 1865

Indianola 1865—Lavaca Bay, Texas

Brazos Island, Santiago, Texas in 1865

Point opposite Santiago, Texas in 1865

House in St. Joseph, Missouri where Jesse James was Killed, rear view

Miscellaneous

Photograph of the Artist

Lent by Miss Vera Reynolds

Civil War Diary 1864-1865

Lent by Harry Norman Simons

Scrapbook of newspaper clippings in Coe's Drawing Book of Landscapes, Foliage, etc., published by D. Appleton, 1852

Lent by Harry Norman Simons

Sketchbook prepared for Nathan P. Dodge

Lent by Council Bluffs Free Public Library



Photograph: Portrait of George Simons



Oil: Portrait of Logan Fontenelle, 1853



Oil: Early Council Bluffs, 1853



Oil: *River Scene with Missouri Packet "Omaha"*



Oil: *Mormon Encampment*



Pencil drawing: *Pawnee Indian Village on South Side . . .* —N. P. Dodge Sketchbook

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Watercolor from Civil War Diary: *Scene on the Arkansas River, 1864*



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